Scouts and Scales

by MasterSatanOverlord

Category: Attack on Titan/é€²æ’ƒã•®å·¨äºº
Genre: Fantasy, Romance
Language: English
Characters: Eren Y., Erwin S., Levi A.
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2015-08-07 04:18:32
Updated: 2015-08-07 04:18:32
Packaged: 2016-04-27 09:14:21
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,149
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: So, basically dragon in the AoT universe. Eren's the king/prince and a dragon shifter. But, when three dragons kidnap the ruler, what will happen to the human world? And what lies in store for Eren? Maybe eventual smut, more likely than not Riren/Ereri.

Scouts and Scales

Alright, yet another new AoT fanfic from me. I know... *hanging my head in shame* Sorry...

"Lord Eren!" I groan as I land on my bed and roll onto my stomach to bury my head underneath my pillows when the large wooden door leading to my room slams open, banging into the stone brick wall, more likely than not revealing the small black haired girl who happened to be what was basically my bodyguard as well as one of my best friends.

"What do you want Mikasa?" My voice is muffled by the pillows that still cover my head, now turned in her general direction. There's a sudden flush of cold on my face as my safe haven is yanked mercilessly away and plops onto the floor after hitting the wall across the too vast room. Pain abruptly assaults the back of my head with a crack as I land on the stone floor after being pushed off my too-high bed by the girl whose life I saved once upon a time.

"Dragons Eren! Three of them suddenly appeared practically at the walls out of nowhere! The Recon Corps aren't back from their expedition yet, the Military Police are stationed, but bound to protect only Sina, and you know the Garrison." I groan and roll off my bed.

"Why am I the only one who seems to do anything around here?" I ask no one in particular. Though a rhetoric question, I wish for an

answer.

"Because sir, you are humanity's last hope against the dragons and the only ruler of this kingdom." Shaking out stiff, over-used muscles, I walk through the labyrinthine corridors and out to the stables with Mikasa trailing me. Saddling my horse, I climb up on the dapple grey's back and prepare to gallop to Wall Sina. "Be careful Eren. Promise you'll come back?" Were her last words to me before I spurred on Corporal, my horse, the same as always. I wouldn't answer her because I would never promise her anything so uncertain as my survival against dragons.

Once on the wall, Wall Sina, I dismount and walk to the edge, looking down at the cities before jumping off. While still free-falling, I bite my hand, below my thumb and feel the muscle and joint moving a bit as my teeth crunch down around the bone and break the skin enough for a trail of blood to trickle down the skin of my arm before scales begin appearing, covering the twisting, changing flesh and muscles, contouring to my snapping, lengthening, and reforming bones as my body rearranged into the form of a dragon's. My eyes sting and tingle a bit as the color changes from the usual teal to a bright, almost glowing, green. The scales, now fully sprouted, change from the shade of my tanned to a deeper chocolatey brown, the same as my hair would be, sparkling with specks of a shimmering bronze and a dark orange-red color lining my eyes, darkening as it moved further out, streaking out and down the rest of my body. The thin membrane making up my wings were an even darker shade of .the brown compromising the majority of my body, lightening as it got further from the bone and muscle, the tips where my claws are a light shade of cream.

Pushing my wings down, I create a gust of wind below me before pushing further up into the air and propelling myself forward toward Wall Maria. I can see them at about the halfway point. The three dragons terrorizing the city people. One black, one a yellow cream, and the third a light reddish brown. I increase my speed and plan to plow into the largest one, the one with the lightest color.

When I get closer, I can see a golden shimmer to Blondie's scales, the color darkening on his face, making his glowing blue eyes stand out, his wings a gradient, lighter, almost white, at the bone, and darker at the tips. My body slams into his with enough force to push the air out of my lungs, my jaw snaps at him, more a warning than an attempt to hurt him, before I open my mouth wide and let out a screech inches from his face. There's a sudden sharp pain on my face, across my cheek and I'm pushed back from Blondie. Once I steady myself again, I look up to see the smallest of the trio growling and snarling at me, positioned defensively in front of Blondie.

It's the black dragon, the scales on the face a bit lighter, completely leeched white around his seeming swirling silver eyes. I hear a deep, growling voice in my head and I'm so surprised I jerk up from my defensive stance to look around confusedly, trying to find the source of the sound. This had never happened to me before, hearing voices in my mind. Another voice sounds in my brain and I shake my head, trying to regain my focus. What the hell? I think to myself, still trying to get my bearings and get these dragons away from my kingdom. The first voice was in my head again, this time I could make out the tail-end of the words. ... hell, shitty brat? Though this sentiment wasn't for me, I grow indignant for the poor kid who's being targeted for the biting remark. Swooping forward, I

prepare my talon-like claws on my bat-ish wings, reaching the small black dragon, who seemed to be the biggest threat at the moment, right as my claws are about to pierce into the soft flesh beneath the dark scales of his shoulders, the coppery brown one pounces from a blind spot and tackles me, sending me tumbling through the air, dragon still attached, and a chipper voice enters my brain. I think not, sweetie!

I feel a thumping ache on the back of my head with a force that would have sent me pitching forward if the red-brown dragon wasn't still holding tightly onto my body, at that point still thrashing around to be freed, before the hit sends purple spots into my vision the edges going fuzzy, then dark, as the sudden unclarity seizes my perception of the sky around me, the ground, including my kingdom, and the dragons practically on top of me.

Notes on this story: Imagine his screech as the English version of his Titan scream. As for the black dragon, imagine Toothless, from How to Train Your Dragon, with different colored eyes and clearly, the different markings. The means thoughts being sent out telepathically, by the way.

Notes on the rest of my stories: After posting this, I'm going to be posting a crack one-shot that I already kind of have an idea for, then updating my ongoing stories in order of which I've abandoned the longest, probably.

End
file.